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Correspondence of the New York Observer.

## JUSTICE AT ROME, NAPLES AND MILAN.

O justice! unchangeable law of God! sacred duty of man! how art thou profaned and violated by those who ought to be thy firmest defenders! Not obscure demagogues, nor licentious revolutionists, but priests and kings, bishops and governors of the highest rank, pass atrocious sentences of condemnation, and inflict infamous punishment. The conscience is indignant, the heart bleeds, humanity shudders with horror at the recital of cruelty committed in Italy, under the eyes, nay, more, by the formal orders of the Pope, the King of Naples, of Marshal Radetzky, and other tyrants who reign over this desolate land. The barbarous masters say that they are restoring the principle of authority, and that they wish to teach the people to respect the constituted government. But the means they employ will certainly produce quite contrary results. Why, indeed, should the government be restored, when it abandons itself to savage passions, and commits cruelties which would cause a blush on the most depraved? Why should the government be respected by the people, when it does not respect itself, when it tramples under foot the most inviolable obligations of religious faith, of conscience and public duty? Princes and priests, you dig with your own hands the pit into which you will fall, and the world will utter a loud shout of joy over your ruin!

The revelations which have recently been made in France and England on justice, as it is practiced in Rome, Naples, and the rest of Italy, are frightful. They have produced a universal feeling of disgust and contempt. Doubtless the despots who committed these crimes hoped to bury them in the darkness of oblivion. They believed that the groans of their victims would not be heard beyond the walls of their prisons. But in this expectation they have been disappointed. The press has now a power which overcomes all obstacles, breaks down all barriers, and there is not a single act of injustice, which, sooner or later, does not come to light.

Some of your readers have probably already seen the letters published by Mr. Gladstone, and the documents of the same kind which have appeared in the French journals. I shall confine myself to state here some prominent facts. At Rome, the heads of the tribunals and prisons are two prelates, Messieurs *Mattucci* and *Benvenuti*. They have apparently taken their rules of conduct from the annals of the Inquisition; for they practice refinements of cruelty, abominable tortures, which not a single civil judge, even in Russia, or in Constantinople, would dare to order in our day. The trials are conducted with closed doors. The accused is not confronted by his accusers, and witnesses, and cannot meet their allegations on the spot. He may choose his counsel; but if his lawyer does not suit the court, they appoint another whom the accused is obliged to accept. In this unfair mode of doing justice, innocence has no security, and perfidy, hatred, vengeance, easily torture into crimes the most lawful acts.

The police, the magistrates and civil officers of all kinds are, at Rome, either priests who seek the interests of their caste, or wretches who, to escape the just penalty of the laws, consent to be servile tools of the clergy. Honest men keep themselves aloof; happy when they are not dragged as criminals before the courts. Formerly, the priests and their followers pronounced freely the penalty of death. Now they dare not often to inflict capital punishment. Public opinion, and the French soldiers in garrison at Rome would tear down the scaffolds. But the new inquisitors inflict upon prisoners physical and moral tortures of every kind. For the executioner's axe are substituted hateful prison rules. The victim dies a slower and more painful death.

It would be impossible to paint the horrors and infamy of Roman dungeons. These are things which the pen refuses to relate, and before which the imagination recoils with horror. Air hardly fit to breathe; incessant and disgusting food; rotten straw covered with filthy insects; misery, infection, desolation; chains weighing ninety-six pounds; and on the least complaint, the punishment of *cavalletto*, that is to say, lashes inflicted on the naked back of the victim. Several prisoners have died of hunger; while others, from despair, have attempted suicide. The sight of hell could hardly be more frightful than that of these abodes provided by priests.

And who are the prisoners so horribly treated? Landholders, merchants, lawyers, officers of the old republican army, young men who have received a good education—strong men, girls—honorable citizens, whose only crime is their love of liberty, and their trust in the solemn promises of Pius IX! The money designed for the relief of prisoners has been diverted from its lawful purpose, and expended by Jesuits. No one is allowed to visit the prisoners, and the basest assassins are less cruelly treated than these victims of political hatred. I suppress any comments. What reader will not be filled with indignation, on seeing priests—the pretended ministers of Christ, the so-called successors of the Apostles, stoop below the most mercenary despots, and commit crimes which would shock cannibals?

The same scenes are witnessed at Naples. The King *Ferdinand*,—that dear son of Pius IX,—that prince after the Sovereign Pontiff's heart, and who is proclaimed by the Jesuit journal, "*the Universe*" as the best of kings,—Ferdinand, ten times perjured, basely cruel, without compassion, without shame, deposed all the judges who had any feelings of independence, and filled their seats with robbers, and vile persons, who execute tamely the will of their master. These magistrates condemn the accused without taking pains to hear them. They employ a host of spies, informers, false witnesses, and pronounce the severest sentences against imaginary crimes. There are 20,000 prisoners in the dungeons of the Neapolitan Kingdom. These are mostly men eminent for their intelligence, their character, their social position, their fortune or talent. They are dragged from prison to prison, thrown into damp and narrow vaults 24 feet below the level of the sea, and deprived almost wholly of nourishment. Ferdinand orders all these atrocities. He gave a pension to a priest who had assassinated a political adversary, and this priest walks quietly, and with head erect, through the streets of Naples. They employ the Jesuits approve fully these detestable acts. They have even composed catechisms for primary schools, in which they teach that all liberals are *criminals*,—that the king's power is unlimited,—that the people are made to obey and not to rule,—that there is no law but the will of the king, and that kings are not bound by any laws, but only by the guidance of priests. "By divine right," says the Jesuit catechism, "ecclesiastical power is superior to lay power, as the soul is superior to the body."

What shall I say lastly, of the cruelties com-

mitted in Milan, and in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom? They are like those of Naples and Rome. Marshal Radetzky has published proclamations, which would allow of imprisonment, in three or four weeks, of three fourths of the population. Lately a laborer, named *Amatore Sciesa*, was condemned to death by a Council of War, and shot instantly: Why? Because the police agents had found in his pocket some copies of a democratic pamphlet. The wife and daughter of this unhappy man have been imprisoned as suspected, and now groan in a dungeon. The justice of Croatian and Austrian soldiers, is on a level with that of Romish priests.

Poor Italy! when will come for thee the day of deliverance?

For the Herald and Journal.

## TOUR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Our residence of nearly two months in Columbus, Miss., was rendered very agreeable by the

REV. PHIL. F. NEELY, D. D.,

at whose suggestion and urgent invitation I visited that place. Bro. Neely must pardon me if I make rather free with his name, for I cannot pass him by in silence. I will take you to the study of this most estimable Christian gentleman. We may not obtain ready admission, for he is a studious man and allows little interruption, yet I will presume for once upon familiar acquaintance.

The Dr. is quite a young man, not yet 35—tall, of light complexion, projecting brow, deep set blue eyes, rather long favored, combining in expression, high intelligence and noble benignity. He is one of the most companionable gentlemen you will ever meet, and when you have conversed with him an hour you leave him feeling, that the hour has contributed unusually pleasant and useful. Bro. N. is a member of the Alabama Conference, and pastor of the large, flourishing and intelligent M. E. Church in C. His pulpit labors are of a high order. His imagination is most exuberant, but is checked by a keen perception of propriety, and chastened and strengthened by a holy unction. His discourses display a rare combination of the literary and the spiritual, and which, while they attract the merely literary man, interest and profit even the stupid slave who occupies the galleries at the opposite end of the church. Though his discourses are generally written, his soul kindles as he advances into a fervid glow, and he quite forgets he has human frame and mortal lungs.

This is the excellent brother who extended to me a warm hand, a cordial welcome, and invariably proved himself a sympathizing, earnest and devoted friend. By his attentions we were made to feel for the first time, save a few days at Rosemount, at home in this land of strangers: new and valuable friendships were daily formed, and a kindly tone breathed in every expression. I might draw a contrast between the hospitalities of Mobile and Columbus, although in the former I had far more claim than in the latter. His excellent lady and sister share largely in our affections for those numerous sisterly attentions to my invalid wife. All this corresponded well with my preconceived ideas of genuine Southern hospitality.

My visit to Columbus was for the

PURPOSE OF TEACHING,

so as to meet my heavy expenses, while Mrs. B. should enjoy the benefit of the climate. By the solicitation of Dr. N., several influential gentlemen interested themselves greatly in my behalf, and so far arranged preliminaries that they felt confident in my large success. I issued my prospectus, opened my hall, and registered as pupils in the Columbus Male Seminary, fourteen names. The number increased to 19, with prospect of a slight addition. My associate, a gentleman of experience and learning, having prior claim, I resigned in his favor.

You ask the cause of such a

SIGNAL FAILURE,

I answer: One Maj.—a Baptist member of great wealth and great ignorance, who had pretended friendship for me and promised to send his son to my school, suddenly metamorphosed into a "Bushwhacker," or electioneer in favor of a young man of his own communion, and to effect his purpose, circulated slanderous reports relative to dealings of my associate with this young aspirant and likewise concerning myself. He visited from family to family, and where it was practicable denounced me as a Methodist and a Northern Methodist preacher, and when this was not suited to the denominational taste of his subjects he raised the terrific cry of *North-ern abolitionism*!

To arouse the suspicion was sufficient to ruin my prospects; whereas, had the subject not been agitated I should have enjoyed large patronage. This was the cause of my failure. I was disappointed, and my friends chagrined. The work was done, and it was useless to make further attempt.

I remained in the place a few weeks after, and proved my friends true friends. On the day before I left a gentleman whom I had never before seen, called on me and said, "Bro. Baylies, we have been talking this matter over and cannot consent to your leaving Columbus; I will make you a proposition as an inducement to remain. You can occupy gratuitously my house, (a very good brick dwelling) which is thoroughly furnished, and if anything should be desired I will procure it, and you can also have a servant to do your work." A most generous proposition! I considered the proposition, and advised with friends, who were of opinion that the prejudice excited on account of my being so lately from the North was so hostile in many minds, it would be impossible to withstand it. Thus I was victimized by bigotry and sectional prejudice. That such sectional feeling should exist against me as a Northern Methodist preacher and a member of a N. E. Conference, is to my mind no matter of surprise. Should a Southern slaveholder propose business in one of our Eastern cities, he would probably meet with like success.

Although Columbus was the scene of my last and least expected failure, I am gratified that I visited that place, for around it gather many of the pleasing recollections of my visit South. I have presented these general interests, as to show the existing feeling in some sections of the South against Northern men. It shows, likewise, conclusively, that while a large proportion indulge the most unkindly feelings, there is an intelligent, thinking class, who, while they entertain honest and radical difference of opinion from their Northern brethren, indulge none of that meanness of prejudice which would single out individuals upon whom to spend their rage. Amid such contemptible intolerance, I was highly gratified to meet gentlemen of the highest standing, who would readily and with cheerful smile, recognize me in the most public places, walk arm in arm, and converse freely upon the great

questions then agitating the North and South. While half-souled ultraists would allow no private judgment which did not accord in minutiae with their "fire-eating" creed, these gentlemen would appreciate sentiments kindly expressed, however at variance with their own. Indeed he only is a man, a gentleman, and a republican, who encourages prudence of thought and expression upon whatever pertains to the public interest.

H. BAYLIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

## VISIT TO VERMONT.

Rockingham Camp Meeting—Springfield—The Wesleyan Seminary, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me to introduce to the favorable regards of your readers this youthful and fair daughter in the goodly family of seminaries that have recently risen to bless our Zion and our land. Though but four years old, it has attained nearly all the elements of maturity, and for healthiness of location and facilities for learning and piety, we presume is not surpassed by any other in New England. We set out for the Rockingham Camp Meeting, to be held under the superintendence of our old friend, the Rev. J. C. Aspinwall; and after being whirled for some four hours over the iron road, ploughing the mountains and bridging the valleys, we arrived at a lofty and well shaded grove upon the bosom of a beautiful hill, where the worshippers had gathered and pitched their tents for this modern "Feast of Tabernacles."

There were probably some 2000 persons present on the Sabbath, the last and great day of this feast. The preaching at this meeting was appropriate, able, and soul-stirring, evincing an earnest and devoted ministry. The order was excellent, and the songs of Zion most delightful as they reverberated through the lofty arches of that leafy temple; and the best of all, from 30 to 40 souls are believed to have been converted, beside great numbers who were quickened and drawn into closer communion with God. Thence we proceeded to Springfield, nine miles north of the camp ground, and fourteen north of Bellows Falls, the point of junction for the railroads from the south and east, and north and west.

Springfield is a neat and flourishing village, situated in the valley of the Black River, which affords it an ample and unfailing water power. The village is noted for its industry, morality, accumulation of mechanical talent, and for the invention and manufacture of some of the most difficult, yet useful machines in the whole sphere of human industry—such as the sewing and card setting machines, the rotary shears and self-adjusting reapers for dressing cloth, and fire and powder proof locks—that all the rogues in perdition could not stifle. Upon a broad table land overlooking this village, stands the seminary building and boarding house, amidst a landscape of surpassing wildness and beauty.

The seminary building is of brick, and was reared and formerly occupied by the sainted Fisk as a church. It was generously fitted up by the inhabitants of the place into a chapel, laboratory and philosophical apparatus rooms, music, drawing, and large airy school-rooms, now occupied, I believe, by some 150 scholars. It possesses a rich and splendid apparatus, probably not equalled in any other academy in the State, illustrating the sciences of philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, and geology. A large cabinet of minerals affords an ample exhibition of the sublime science of geology. The Board of Instruction, consisting of two male and two female teachers, enjoy not only the esteem but the affection of their pupils, and by their spirit and example lead them in the ways of piety, as well as of learning.

The seminary enjoys at the present time a gracious revival influence, and has been highly favored in this respect every year of its existence. A few steps from the seminary building rises a large stone boarding-house, where for nine or ten dollars per week both professors and students can find a pleasant, Christian home, with every necessary convenience, under the able and orderly management of Bro. Harding, of the Vermont Conference. This important appendage to the school cost the projectors some \$4,500, about one half of which has been subscribed in less than six months.

We trust that their noble generosity in going forward with this work will continue to meet with as generous responses from the people of the Green Mountain State, till the balance is cancelled, and thus is provided a pure fountain of learning and piety to which their children's children may long repair, and be fitted for a higher existence on earth and a nobler destiny in heaven. To families in the cities and villages of Massachusetts and New Hampshire who wish to give their children an education apart from the temptations of city life, this school affords a fine opportunity, and furnishes them a home where all their interests will be looked after with a kind and parental care.

Worcester, Oct. 2.

For the Herald and Journal.

## AN EXCURSION AMONG THE HILLS.

Excursion—The Start—A Clerical Friend—East Otis—Beautiful Waterfall—Return.

MR. EDITOR:—Monday has been called the preacher's Sunday. This will do for a figure of speech. But the most means, I suppose, is that Monday is the only day on which the preacher can consistently give himself up to real physical and mental relaxation.

The Monday of Sept. 29th was ushered upon these mountains under the escort of a cloudless sky and a stiff northwestern breeze. Summoning all the energy the exercises of the preceding day had left in me, I rolled me out of bed at quite an early hour, and after a severe conflict got such an ascendancy over my twitching nerves and morbid tendencies that I determined to have an excursion among the hills. Leaping aboard a good Yankee buggy, to which was attached a horse of the regular constellation, I started in the direction of the constellations of the Great Bear. The first village at which I brought up, was that which one B. Sirrell christened "Smoky Hollow." And almost the first person I met was the quondam friend of whom I was in speedy pursuit.

Now this friend, by the way, is worthy of somewhat more than a passing notice; so, before I again whiz up, permit me to paint you a little of his *tout ensemble*, &c. To begin with the physical, then, he borders hard upon that mathematical figure, called a sphere. His complexion is slightly dark, and always ruddy. He stands bolt upright on his feet, as if among the greatest men; he claims to be "free and equal;" and when he walks, all the world knows that he has "certain inalienable rights," which shall not be trifled with. I never heard him make a political speech, but were he to do so, I would expect the first sentence to be, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Of

course he is good natured. Lecturer Giles says, *fat men always are*. I know not that even the elements of wrath abate in him. Being a doctor of the law he is well instructed and furnished for his professional exercises. He has true decision of character—he will look a rich, overbearing sinner into the most annihilating self-abasement in two minutes; and almost in as many more be weeping with the fatherless and the widow. And when he goes into the pulpit, it is not in a sneaking, "crouching posture," as though it is a great favor that the people will deign to lend him their ears: he does not arise as if he were about to apologize for troubling them with his words, or beg their pardon for having been born. And when he preaches the people are not fed with sickly sentimentalism. Some preachers seem to suppose that the climax of excellence is eloquence, and the essence of grace, attitude. Others there are who pray as if they were taking the Almighty to do for a misdeed, and preach like him who would dash the strings of an *Eolian* harp with a crowbar. Not so this friend of mine. He is eminently conservative. Not a caterer nor a cringer, but a pure conservator. Just one of that class who hold the same relation to society and the church that the vertebrae in the spinal column do to the remaining portions of man's physical organization. Of course he is one of those whom the world cannot afford to spare just yet. But lest I glorify my friend to death against his will, I will quit this episode, take up my reins, and drive on.

After a moment's consideration we concluded to drive about eight miles over into Berkshire county, and pay a flying visit to what I consider one of the most attractive curiosities in New England. I refer to a waterfall, located in the town of Otis. Our course thereto lay through quite a primitive section, full of wild and picturesque scenery. The road was purely anti-dyspeptic. The bluest skinned hypochondriac may venture to eat a careless, unweighed dinner, if he do but anticipate surely riding over that road in the course of an hour afterwards. I'll warrant him on good authority—experience. We had to pass directly through the village of East Otis. The impression on the mind as one draws near that village may be all generalized in the brief words of an amateur artist whom I subsequently took to the falls that he might make a drawing thereof. He never had seen the place before, nor had I prepossessed him concerning its appearance. The sentence is as follows: "O dear! what a goddess place this must be! There is a church there, but it is 'without a bishop.' There is a meeting-house there, but it is minus one half its steeple and the whole of its spire. The houses also looked dingy and the streets forsaken. I did not hear the notes of the owl and the bittern, but imagined them. And yet even here, when, reasoning *a posteriori*, there may be obtained a powerful argument for Gospel institutions, there are redeeming facts. The people are not all 'carnal, sold under sin.' There are those who 'sigh and cry for the desolations of Zion.' How large their number swells when aggregated, I am not able to say. It is certainly sufficient to preserve the place from fire and brimstone, though the details of the grog establishment have doubtless long been provoking those elements. There is one man especially whose faithfulness is like that of Ariel among the fallen angels. He is an operator in that art which originated with old Tubal Cain, and also a local preacher in the Methodist E. Church. Like his predecessor, Sammy Hick, of English memory, he leaves beating the anvil on Saturday night only to help beat the devil on Sunday. And all along each week he stands, — As an iron pillar strong, And steadfast as a wall of brass."

Passing this village two miles into the rear, we found ourselves at the falls aforsaid. As we drew near, our attention was first arrested by two large ponds, covering an area of several hundred acres, and connected together by narrow straits, over which the road passes by means of a bridge. At the northern extremity of these ponds is an outlet, and within twenty rods of the outlet the water goes dashing and foaming down a precipice, which in at most two rods falls to the depth of 80 or 100 feet. The fall is not perpendicular exactly, but forms an area of an immense circle. The rocks are huge and jagged, and in resending which, the flood frisks and foams and roars most hideously, especially when the springs afford a full supply. Where the fall commences the stream is about 10 feet wide, and where it terminates its bed must be full one hundred feet. The land on either hand does not slope down parallel with the waterfall, but passes on northerly quite a distance on a level with the surface of the ponds in the background. Of course when at the foot of the falls we were standing in a wild, deep cavern. The perpendicular walls on each side of us are composed of huge slate rocks, and are piled up as nothing but nature in a convulsive state could pile them. And here, half way from each wall, right in the bed of the stream, grows a white oak tree, full five feet in diameter, running up sixty feet before throwing out a limb, and then parting into two branches, which are full one hundred feet apart, and which after running up quite a distance, sprangle out in every direction. It appears like a giant posing himself on his head in frolicsome defiance of the angry contest.

But it is useless for me to attempt a description of the picture. However much it fades in view of other scenes in nature, it nevertheless calls out the three emotions,—beauty, grandeur and sublimity. Here is a task for the painter, and a fruitful seat for the poet. My sheet is full, the evening is nearly gone, and the catering quill has begun to make the muscles of my wrist complain. I will, therefore, not venture upon the details of our journey home. They were slept well, even on a hearty supper, you may well conclude, *a priori*.

H. M. BRIDGE.

Blandford, Oct. 6.

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE PLEASURES OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the panorama of the world of all time—its charming and varied scenery, its wars and revolutions; its thrones and governments; its races and progress. The historian touches the ashes of the sepulchre, and monarchs whose sceptres once swayed the broad realms of earth, start into life amid antique shadows; great events pass in review; religions, states, armies, are before us.

Herodotus, to collect the meagre details of his history, traversed empires; but to us it hastes as on a holy pilgrimage. Its pleasant memorials linger about our homes. It sheds its incense about our altars. It amuses our leisure, cheers our firesides; chastens our joys and mollifies our sorrows.

By filling the imagination with its living pictures, it lends to life's toils and trials an enchantment that elevates and encourages the race.

History enfolds the web of hope, that mirage of misfortune. How varied, pleasing and wonderful are its revolutions! Such contrasts, such strange varieties, an annihilation of time. On the same illuminative canvass there spring into life the great and notable of all ages—the slumbering monarchs of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the chieftains of the Iliad, the embalmers of the Pyramids, the knights of medieval times, peering out from their gloomy encasement of armor, and the austere religionist of many climes and divers creeds.

More energetic than the ashes of the prophet of Israel, a touch of the historian's pen revivifies, as well the fugitive but precious fruits of intellect, as the wasting mold of the cemetery. Sages and prophets and chieftains that prayed and taught and conquered, ages ago, pass again out doors and mingle in our mirth or participate in our devotion and study, hale and youthful as in other days. Precious are these communings with departed spirits! There is not only the lighted visage, the sparkling eye, but the speaking lip, the waving hand.

To the good and the great, history is a vehicle of usefulness and power. It embalms and consecrates human talents. By it genius multiplies itself, virtue becomes diffused, and our holy religion enlarges her boundaries and diffuses wider her consolations and peaceful benedictions upon the suffering and the unfortunate. Without it, the touch of the wise and good, kindled at the fountain of all light, soon expires. History preserves it to pour along the pathway of ages a brilliancy that pales only before the intenser blaze of the uncreated sun.

St. Paul, Augustine, Luther, Wesley, each originated a stream of moral influence, destined to travel the channels of history, with accumulating volume, till it commingles in the broad ocean of the future.

Had history refused to transmit the treasures of the past, the voices of Socrates and Pythagoras, of Moses and Isaiah, even of Christ and the apostles, had failed to reach us. Their wisdom and memory had perished together. How different now! We talk with them as friend with friend. They are not dead but changed; they have gone out from home to animate the universe. History is an invention to prolong life—to give a man a posthumous existence and power.

History affords an exposition and confirmation of the Holy Scriptures. Science has contributed something to this cause. But no science is so important in this regard as that of human nature. To appreciate the Bible, we must know man. Man is the subject of the Bible. It professes to delineate his disease, to prescribe the remedy; and the better we know the subject, the more beautiful, in our eyes, will be the remedy. History tells you of man, his unmeasured greatness and surprising littleness, his virtues and sins. Man is the same the world over and in all time. Fashions and customs and times may change the out of his coat, not the color of his heart; that remains the same; and it is to that we all wish to come. The same passions and pride and earthliness rankle in the blood of the noble and the peasant, the polite Frenchman and the rude Esquimaux.

History enlarges the mind, reduces the prejudices that naturally encircle a human soul. What is more contemptible than a narrow mind, hedged in by a brood of old prejudices and intolerable bigotry? Such brand all beyond their narrow circle of family, State or church as a barrier, outlandish. Let them look into the broad field of history and find characters, beyond their mud walls, as good as they. Here they will learn that the universe does not hinge on them, that it might continue its orderly outgoings, were they removed from the circle of society. Hence the faithful reader of history imbibes lessons of humility, low views of himself. He finds himself but a speck in the moving mass of humanity.

History is the repository of the wisdom, virtue and moral forces of all time. The sinner of thought and the seeds of things here unfolded like the wheat kernels in the mummies of Egypt, ready to germinate and unfold their beauties amid richer soils and in distant times. No great thought perishes. It may, when unwelcome, disappear from the gaze of men; but in the deep and secret veins of history it circulates, and in due time, like the streamlet whose waters have been pent up in the bowels of the earth, bursts forth to the surface, purified and adapted to the wants of a new age. Thus the thoughts, emotions and moral sentiments of other periods become interwoven with our own being.

History affords sublime moral lessons. The Holy Scriptures inform me of our life and all its events are uncertain—the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. History reiterates the same tale. When turning the pages of history, when beholding the scramble for name and place and power, when witnessing ambition thwarted, defeated, cast aside to consume in silence, and when observing the hand of fortune carelessly jostling about all things, then only are we penetrated with this truth.

As viewed through history, the entire world is a vast kaleidoscope, presenting at all revolutions strange, varying, fantastic figures—all is change, uncertainty—men walk like spectres across vanishing quicksands—lights up dark and interprets dark dispensations. Its lessons are sublime. If it tells how low in the scale some descend, it also measures the immense altitude of our capabilities and hopes. If it lead me across desert sands and wastes, my way occasionally falls beside a superb monument of genius and goodness whose summit is bathed in the clouds. If it tells of the infidelity of the progeny of a Hume, a Voltaire, a Paine, stifled in the stench of his own impurities, it bears along in greatest abundance apostles and prophets and reformers who scaled the apex of the temple of piety and religion to look out upon the untravelled expanse of the universe beyond them. Man is created with a great destiny. History encourages him to fill it to its measure. It tells him he can, he ought, he must. Reader, nothing is in your way but self. Look at young Napoleon rising up from his humble cottage and contending at each step with adverse fortune, but that struggle adds to his vigor and pushes him on to the crowns and thrones that await him. True, his was but a material conquest; yours may be an achievement of moral and more noble results, that thrill the harps and hearts of angels.

History inculcates the worth, the perpetual beauty, the undying fragrance of virtue. The memory of the wicked perishes, but the lights of the virtuous and good shine more intensely as ages elapse. Who now thinks of the splendor, the brilliant equipage, the imperial trappings of the Pharaohs? They reared Pyramids to enclose their sarcophagi and perpetuate their renown; but they conceal at once their bodies and their names. Those proud lords are forgotten, because they forgot God; but the names of

Joseph and Moses are more fragrant now than ever.

Now, the dissolute, the persecuting emperor is remembered only as his name is linked with the fortunes of St. Paul, his prisoner. The Emperor of proud Rome, with all his monuments, and inscriptions, and power, fails to perpetuate his name; but that of his prisoner cannot be forgotten. It has been written upon myriads of faithful hearts, and shall be cherished among the precious recollections of believers long as the heavens endure. He needs no marble monument, no entablature of brass; his subtle spirit is diffused through the church militant—animates the hearts of the faithful.

And how much does liberty owe history? It is the foe of tyrants, the friend of a virtuous people. To them it whispers hope, and prophesies the reign of peace and virtue.

Tyranny is a crumbling, perishable thing of earth; liberty is a goddess immortal in her youth, beauty and vigor. When she reigns, the heavens are bright, the earth joyous; when crushed, like certain flowers, she emits a fragrance that fills all the air and inspires a thousand hearts. Greece enjoyed for a season her smiles and blessings; but she perished before the march of the Roman Eagles, or rather disappeared amid the mists of history, to rise up and flourish in other lands. She whispered to us of the blessed fruits she bore; we caught her words and prolonged their sound. Monarchical France heard it, and through her youthful Lafayette felt the pulsations of a new life. Arising in majesty, she shook off the chains of servitude and assumed the robes of freedom. These, soiled by blood and crime, were torn from her by the professed votaries and then by the enemies of liberty. But she puts them on again, and all Europe trembles to be free. All must learn this lesson. History goes about to teach it. The hoof of tyranny may crush the rising flame, but some spark will remain unextinguished, and amid new combustibles kindle a broader, intenser blaze.

D. S.

Lindenwood, Oct., 1851.

For the Herald and Journal.

## "THE YOUNG LADY'S COUNSELLOR."

This is the title of an interesting and valuable book, just published and for sale at our Depository, 15 Washington St. This volume is from the industrious and ever moving pen of Rev. Daniel Wise. The American youth are laid under lasting obligations to this gentleman for the untiring assiduity with which he consecrated his rare literary abilities to their welfare.

That Mr. W.'s talents are peculiarly adapted to benefit the young, will be readily conceded by the great numbers who have listened to his public addresses, and by the still greater numbers who have been edified, instructed, and profited by the productions of his pen. A few days ago the above work was put into our hands, since which we have read it from *Alpha* to *Omega*, and rarely have we enjoyed a richer mental feast. Again and again, while engaged in the perusal of these pages of invaluable counsels, did we wish that every young lady in our land might be induced to read them; might treasure them up in her heart, and make them, next to the Bible—the guiding and controlling principle of her intellectual, moral and social character. Most sincerely do we desire, that counsels such as are found in this book might supplant the great mass of literary trash now piled upon so many "centre" tables, occupying the time, vitiating the taste, blunting the sensibilities, and enfeebling the mental stamina of so large a portion of the females of our land.

This book contains eleven chapters, bearing the following titles:—1. "The mistake of a lifetime." 2. "The fountain of life unfolded." 3. "Influence." 4. "The true sphere of woman." 5. "Lovelessness of spirit." 6. "Self-reliance." 7. "The secret springs of self-reliance." 8. "Of self-culture." 9. "The young lady at home." 10. "The young lady from home." 11. "Courtship and marriage." These topics, all of which are of the highest importance to the persons addressed, are discussed in the author's very best style. The English tongue can furnish no better language than is found here. The illustrations with which this work abounds delight the reader, rivet her attention, and convey to her mind in a clear and forcible manner the author's meaning. As we passed along from topic to topic, we thought to ourselves, should we bring this book before the notice of the public, we will make special reference to this place, that topic, and those thoughts; and thus we proceeded until at last we found that our special reference would alight upon about every chapter in the book, and upon nearly every page of every chapter. But now that we have gone through the whole we would earnestly solicit, that every young lady who shall be so fortunate as to possess this book, after she has read the whole, she will turn again to the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters, and that she read and re-read those chapters until their contents are indelibly engraven upon her memory, that she so resolutely enter upon the practice of the duties therein inculcated, as that they shall be incorporated with her very character and being.

The publishers have got up this work in the very best style of the art. It is printed on superb fine paper, has a fine steel plate engraving, and is handsomely bound. It will grace the centre table of any drawing-room.

Let every mother procure this book for her daughter. Let the pastor recommend it to every family within his charge. Be assured, that in so doing you confer an incalculable boon.

ZETA.

Bristol Co., Mass., Oct. 4.

## RAILROAD COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.

The London Times speaks with great confidence as to the result of a scheme which has been almost decided upon, for constructing railways through the Euphrates Valley, &c., whereby the route from England to Calcutta would be altered materially, and would lie through Ostend, Trieste, the Mediterranean Sea, to the Orontes, thence to Bussorah, and by the Persian Gulf to Bombay, where it would meet the Indian railways, now actually commenced and by that time completed to Calcutta. This scheme, which is calculated would occupy five years in the completion, would shorten the distance one-half, the circuit by the Red Sea being done away with.

THE HOME WHERE MEMORY LINGERS.—Attractive as home is, there is one other place that is still nearer the human heart, and that is the churchyard which holds our friends. A mother's grave is the Mecca that our memory ever kneels to, be our pilgrimage where it may.

We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking.



WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1851.

## A GRAND PLAN.

We have lately outlined the plan of Dr. Boring for the formation of a Southern Methodist Conference in California. The Southern Methodist Board has met and adopted measures for the full prosecution of the scheme. It recommends that each of the Annual Conferences shall at the ensuing sessions, select and present to Bishop Payne, for his acceptance and appointment, (so far as the Bishop may approve the plan and the men selected,) such members from their respective bodies, (one from each,) as they may be fully able to recommend; the persons so selected to be from those who are in full itinerant connection, and who are entirely willing to go; provided, nevertheless, that the whole number of missionaries shall not exceed the number of Annual Conferences embraced in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It especially approves that item of the plan, which makes it the duty of each of the persons so selected and appointed, before starting for their distant field of labor, to raise within the limits of their own Conferences respectively, for their individual outfit and the further purposes of the mission, the sum of one thousand dollars. It recommends that each of the missionaries so appointed be required on his arrival in California to pay over to Dr. Boring, (the superintendent,) for the benefit of the California mission fund, all surplus moneys which may remain from the collections, after defraying his expenses to that country; and that each make a full report to the Board as soon as practicable after his arrival there, embracing the amount collected, the amount expended, and the amounts paid over to the superintendent of the mission, through Rev. Dr. Nelson, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

This is a grand scheme, and promises to be successful beyond any missionary movement yet attempted by the Southern church. There is evidently to be made a most determined effort on the part of the Southern church, to occupy as fully as possible the entire missionary ground of the new State, and our own Board must see to it that the advantages of our pre-occupation of it are not lost. We should continually reinforce our missionary corps there.

## NORTH OREGON CONFERENCE.

A writer in the Western Christian Advocate says, that "the North Oregon Conference, which was held at Bellefontaine, had a harmonious session. It is doing a good work in regard to education. Jointly with the Ohio Conference it fosters the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in addition to this has an academy at Berea, which, as Professor Merrick remarks, has a foundation of rocks and endowment of graces, and will sharpen the intellects of many generations. Then there is Rev. Mr. Grisell's female academy at Delaware, and a new one about to spring into life at Mansfield, a most eligible site for such an institution. In this Conference there are many valuable men, and not a few favorable signs; namely, increase of membership, increased percentage on claims, large increase in collections for missions, and a growing attention to education and personal piety. Methodism is not perhaps as strong, relatively, in Ohio as in Indiana or Michigan. In the last named State she numbers about eighteen thousand—nearly as many as all other Protestant churches together."

## WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.

The Northern Christian Advocate gives the following information relative to this Conference.—The statistics show, for this year, white members, 7,570; colored, 10; Indian, 187; probationers, 2,285; local preachers, 207; travelling preachers, 100; total, 10,359; increase this year, 1,233. The total quarterly claims of effective preachers were \$18,514.47, on which there is a deficit of \$5,891.35. The Sunday Schools number 295 schools, 1,638 officers and teachers, 8,409 scholars, 20,450 volumes in library, and 270 conversions. There are 975 Sunday School Advocates taken. The Conference reported favorably to establishing a book depository in Chicago, with \$50,000 worth of stock to be supplied from, and connected with, the New York Book Concern. It was also recommended to establish a weekly paper in Chicago, to be called "The Northwestern Christian Advocate." Both these projects are subject to the decision of the General Conference.

## CONFERENCE RESOLUTIONS.

The Eastern Genesee Conference at its late session adopted the following Resolutions:—Resolved, That the next General Conference be, and it is hereby requested to amend the Discipline, so as to prescribe a course of study for the local preachers, and in some way bring them into a regular system of co-operation with the itinerant ministry.

Resolved, That we recommend to the next General Conference, to incorporate into the Discipline a rule, giving to each Annual Conference the right to say who of its members shall be claimants on the funds of the Conference, and to what extent, and that the delegates be instructed to secure the adoption of such a rule.

## MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

Three friends of this lady, engaged last week in Boston, have given our citizens an agreeable impression of her power as a singer. They were prepared to receive her cordially by the reported success of her concert in New York. But her audience here having heard for themselves, are ready to applaud and encourage her performance with hearty good will. We pretend to no critical taste or skill in music, but our ears are deliciously sensitive to the melody of her voice, and we somewhat appreciate the sentiments designed to be felt and conveyed by her songs and ballads. We are charmed with the earnest naturalness with which she enters into the expression of these sentiments, and with the evident perfection of her artistic character. Her voice, of wonderful compass and strength, has been trained in tune and time to success in every point. Each variation is nobly sustained, and we feel the utmost confidence to hear her try her powers in any direction she chooses, assured of her triumph. We are hardly able to compare her with Miss Lind. There are to us, however, mellowness and richness of tone in the voice of the former which the latter does not possess. Miss Lind seems to us to be the very soul of song; but the peculiar charm in the feminine softness and gentleness of Miss Lind's character, spreads itself over all her delightful performances, and involuntarily attracts one to her. At the same time we are aware of a strong claim to admiration which Miss Hayes' virtuous command, and which we are fain to acknowledge.

## CHINA.

Bro. STEVENS.—I have just received a line from Bro. E. H. Harlow, Chaplain of the Seamen's Friend Society at Canton, dated July 23, 1851. A few sentences I send you, that you may use them editorially, if you please.

Yours, &amp;c., O. C. BAKER.

"At present my parish comprises some thirteen hundred souls from all parts of the world. We have here the best class of ships that sail to any port, and I have made some most valuable acquaintances. My time is all occupied, especially at this hot season of the year, when many die. The Bethel built during Mr. Loomis' stay is a most convenient and comfortable ship, both for a place of worship and residence, said not to be surpassed by anything of the kind in the world. Our chapel, accommodating 700, is always well filled on Sabbath, and I am sorry to say not quite large enough for the poor sailors. The ship in which I took passage, was bound for Shanghai, where I spent two weeks, as foreigners there have more liberty than in any other part of the Celestial Empire. I learned much of the manners and customs of China. The Chinese are a most extraordinary people. They need only the Gospel to make them among the chief of nations."

A CHAIR IN FRANCE.—Mr. Walsh, being a resident of Paris, in a letter under date of Sept. 16th, says: "That great events are just before us is certain. That crisis of which I have often spoken to you is drawing very near. Between the 16th day of September and the middle or end of next May, the destinies of Europe for probably half a century—which in these days is a very long time—will be decided. A fierce struggle—it may be a most desperate and bloody struggle—between liberty, civil and religious, on the one hand, and honary despotism in politics and religion on the other. What will be the issue, God alone knows!"

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Meeting of Colored Residents—Sad Fall of a Merchant—Resolutions—Advice to Travelers.

New York, Oct. 7, 1851.  
Bro. STEVENS.—Every philanthropist must be concerned for the state of the colored people in our land. All admit the difficulty of the subject, so various are its bearings; but I presume few judicious minds can object to the Colonization Society; it is well known, however, that black men, especially at the North, have bitterly opposed it. And why, has always surprised me. However, a better feeling among the class for whose especial benefit this society was established, is, I trust, beginning to manifest itself. A vessel sailed for the colony a few days since from our port, with many Northern colored emigrants, and I am pleased to announce that a respectable meeting of black people has recently been held in New York, at which it was

Resolved, That we form an association for the propagation and encouragement of African colonization, and that said association be known as the United African Republic Emigration Society, and the standard on which we hold our ensign is the tree of liberty, and our motto—Equal civil and religious rights to every man.

Resolved, That the duty of this Society shall be, to devise and forward all plans or means that shall tend to add to the benefit and importance of the object for which this association is formed—the increase of emigration and the speedy building up of the African Republic.

This is a move by the right parties. The said institution will be in a measure powerless till it gains the favor of these citizens; with their aid, the colonization effort will, we may hope, prove highly successful.

A merchant of our city has sadly fallen; his name I will withhold, though in truth it is a secret known all over the town, but still my pen refuses to put the name in my letter; let us all ever have sounding in our ears, "the love of money is the root of all evil." "They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and the devil, and fall into snare, and many such necessities lead to these sad consequences, but the love of the one, and the will to have the other. The case I allude to was made public yesterday; a well known importer of books and stationery has been discovered in passing fraudulent invoices through the Custom House. His practice was to copy invoices, reducing the quantity, and in this way, would get large numbers of books, without paying a cent of duty on them. What adds—if I may use the word—to the interest of the offense, is, that these books are the instruments of his illegal gains; in about twenty invoices he made large deductions from the real number imported, and paid the impost on the reduced number. In one case he received 850 Bibles, and paid on 500 only. The delinquent has hitherto been a man of unimpeached religious character, (for I grieve to say he is a member of an evangelical church), has a large estate, a splendid warehouse in John street, and building another in our city. Fifty thousand dollars worth of his goods have been seized by the Federal officers; he has made a full confession, and may be sent to the State Prison.

As a nice case of casuistry, I will leave it to the determination of such of your readers as delight in morals and metaphysics, whether the man did right or wrong in confessing. At first blush most I presume will say, right—but might he not have been silent to man, and stood a trial according to the laws of the country—in other words, is a man bound to make his sins known to the world? If those who argue that an admission of guilt is the true course, are right, all our judges are wrong, for in capital cases they will scarcely record the plea of guilty, but advise the unfortunate prisoner to withdraw it, and be regularly tried. Much might be said pro and con, on this subject, but I forbear further remark. In one thing, however, we will all agree, that the case alluded to speaks trumpet-tongued to all, to resist the common temptation—a fixed will to get rich.

As the Eastern folks are a flitting people, considerably on the move, for their benefit I transcribe the following; it may be new to some, and is worthy of note, especially by those not remarkable for their carefulness: "When travelling, put your watch and wallet at night into one of your stockings, and then place the stocking under your head. It will then be impossible to leave them, unless you have been accustomed to go barefoot!"

Yours truly, TYRO.

## LETTER FROM OHIO CONFERENCE.

The Conference—Morning Lectures—Division of the Conference—German Conferences—"Pewed Church" Controversy—Property—Ohio Wesleyan University.

Mr. Editor.—The Ohio Conference closed a laborious session, at Springfield, on Saturday last, at about 6 o'clock P. M. It was, perhaps, the longest session ever held by this body, having commenced on the morning of the 17th ult., and closed on the evening of the 27th, making ten days exclusive of the Sabbath. It is known that this is the largest Conference in the United States, and "large bodies move slowly." There were probably three hundred ministers in attendance.

The session was on the whole harmonious, and characterized by much Christian feeling and brotherly love. The kindly greetings of brethren at these annual convocations can only be fully understood and appreciated by the itinerant himself.

The experiment of getting up a course of morning lectures on a variety of subjects, particularly for the benefit of the younger brethren, was tried in this Conference, and I am happy to say was successful. A programme of the course was published some two weeks before the Conference met, including the name of the lecturer, the subject to be discussed, and the time when each lecture was to be delivered. Each brother was therefore prepared on the subject assigned him, and all knew beforehand what was to be the topic discussed. The lectures were at half past five o'clock in the morning—were well attended, and seemed to give general satisfaction. We would suggest to brethren of other Conferences to try a like experiment.

The subject of the division of the Conference excited unusual interest. The body had become so large that every one acknowledged the necessity of dividing; but to fix a line of division that would be satisfactory to all parties was no easy task. Several plans were proposed—indeed, they had been proposed and discussed in the columns of the Western Christian Advocate for months before. A large committee was appointed to take the subject into consideration and report. But the committee could not agree. Some were in favor of a diagonal line starting from and dividing Zanesville and running south westerly to Cincinnati, dividing also the latter city. Others were in favor of a north and south line, giving to the eastern portion all the Scioto, Hocking and Muskingum valleys, &c.; and to the western, the two Miami valleys, including the Queen City.

After an animated discussion the proposed north and south line was adopted by a very large majority.

The western division is to be called the Cincinnati Conference, and the eastern retains the old name, Ohio Conference. The latter was constituted recommending that the German brethren be constituted into a separate Conference. It is understood that this was at their own request. This Conference will number at the beginning some fifty members. How wonderfully this German work has progressed! The "little one has become a thousand."

It is well known that the question of tolerating "pews to sell or rent," and "family sittings" in our churches, has been extensively discussed among us during the last two or three years. The Conference has two or three times taken action on the subject, and that action has always been against tolerating "pews" or "promiscuous sittings," though with a constantly decreasing majority. The question did not come before us this session in the same form in which it has been presented at previous sessions, nevertheless it came in incidentally in connection with the examination of character. A few weeks before Conference the Trustees of the High St. Church in Springfield had passed a resolution allowing the custom of "family sittings" in the congregation. It was alleged by a member of the Conference that the brother who was stationed at the High St. Church during the past year had used his influence in favor of the new custom, and that he should object to the passage of his character on that account. The objections were presented in due form, and two days were spent in the investigation of the case. The result was, that the Conference voted to sustain the "objection," and then immediately passed a resolution which entirely modified the previous action, in that it did not cancel it. The same resolution also passed the brother's character, and we found ourselves, as military men would say, "as we were." It seems to me that as that the action of the Conference was contradictory.

ty; but I suppose those voting in the majority have a way of explaining it to us as late as they please. Notice was given that an appeal would be taken to the next General Conference. So you will have this whole case before you in Boston next May.

One thing is obvious, that the discussion of the question of "pews" and "promiscuous sittings" among us has greatly increased the number of those—both ministers and laymen—who are in favor of toleration in these matters. We are, however, tired of the controversy, and hope the time is not distant when we shall again have peace in all our borders, both in regard to this and some other subjects.

This question doubtless had much to do in the selection of our delegates to the General Conference. As a majority of the Conference are strongly opposed to tolerating or allowing "pews" or "promiscuous sittings" in our churches, it was to be expected that they would choose delegates who entertain the same views. Hence a majority of our present delegation are on the anti-toleration side of the question. All Yankeeedom will doubtless hear from them in due time upon this subject.

The past year has been a year of prosperity throughout the bounds of the Conference. If I recollect rightly there has been a net increase in the membership of some two or three thousand. There has also been a good deal done in the way of church extension. In our cities and larger towns, and also in the country, many spacious and elegant church edifices have been erected; and the prospect is that a still greater number will be built the coming year.

Our literary institutions also are all doing well. The prosperity of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, is without a parallel. Upwards of five hundred students were enrolled upon the catalogue during the past year. The new plan of endowment by the sale of cheap schoolships was admirably, and cannot fail to be permanently successful. The Trustees of the Ohio University, a State institution, located at Athens, recently elected two members of the Ohio Conference to professorships in that institution. Both signified their willingness to accept, and were appointed by the Bishop.

Hillsboro, O., Oct. 2. M. DUSTIN.

## TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT FOXBORO, MASS.

Great Zeal and Unanimity—Moral and Legal Success.

Bro. STEVENS.—You may tell your numerous readers that old Norfolk County is wide awake in the cause of Temperance. It would have done you good to witness the enthusiasm which characterized the entire proceedings of the Convention at Foxboro' on Wednesday last, from 10 A. M. till the same hour at night! The Hon. Messrs. Mann and Banks, who were announced and expected to be present, were obliged to disappoint us—but the deep-toned feeling pervading the large assemblage prevented anything like death in the line of speeches.

One of the most encouraging features of the occasion I conceive to be found in the harmony of the action of the meeting with reference to the present position of the Temperance movement. I refer now to the state of things in Maine and at the West. The Convention was called under the auspices of the Norfolk Co. Washington Society—a society based on the principle of moral suasion alone, if I am rightly informed. For such a society to endorse, or sympathize with, the measures now in progress in Maine, is, it seems to me, highly gratifying. However, demands that I should state farther on this point, that the society took this ground with the most explicit understanding that assentations are, and ever must be, indispensable; and all resort to legal means must be as protective of the moral. God speed such united efforts.

Yours, E. A. MANNING.  
South Walpole, Oct. 11.

## LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

Methodism in Thompson—Old Members—Present State of the Church.

West Thompson, Oct. 8, 1851.  
Bro. STEVENS.—Some of your readers may be gratified to hear something of this "old seed-spot" of Methodism. More than half a century has passed since the seed then everywhere sown against obtained a foothold in this town, and a Methodist Church was formed here. Some of the earlier members yet live, though most have gone to their eternal reward. Among the living is "Father Perin," whose house was first opened for the preaching of the Methodist, and where for many years they continued to hold their meetings. I see in your last "Memorials," you speak of him as "the late Noah Perin." He yet lives, and though eighty-four years old, his seat in the house of God is very seldom vacant on the Sabbath. A very noble example in this respect, for some younger in years. We have within a few months past lost two of our aged members. Sister Diana Perin, wife of Jerehiah Perin, died May 3d, after a short sickness, aged 67 years. She was deprived through age and infirmities for a few of the last years of her life, of attending as frequently as formerly the means of grace, yet it is believed she died saved. Her old brethren speak of her with a great deal of respect and affection.

Sister Dorcas Burk, wife of Joseph Burk, died June 21st, aged 80 years. She was converted under the labors of Rev. Jesse Stoneman; baptized by the Rev. George Pickering, more than fifty-four years ago. She had lived with her husband almost sixty years—now passed to meet again where the inhabitants never grow old and death never comes. Her house was a home for the itinerant of those days, and with pleasure did she minister to their wants. She was not able to converse much during her last sickness, but the event of her life from the time of her conversion gave her friends the satisfactory assurance that she has gone to rest.

Since the church was first organized here, God has greatly honored it. Hundreds, and perhaps I may safely say thousands, have been converted—some have gone to heaven—others still live to bless the church and the world. We have within a few weeks past been favored with the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit. Some fifteen or twenty have professed to experience the pardon of sin. For this I desire to be very thankful to God; but let us look to see a return of the "reviving glory," and witness what our fathers were accustomed to see. That God may speedily send it on the entire church, is the prayer of yours in Christ.

EDWARD A. LYON.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Death of an aged Methodist.

New York, Oct. 14, 1851.  
Last Sabbath I attended the funeral of Mr. Thomas Kirk, at Brooklyn. He died in his 80th year, and was one of the oldest members of our church. The body conveyed from his mansion to the Pacific St. Church, was placed in front of the altar, and amidst a very large congregation. Drs. Peck, Kennedy, Floy and Rev. Mr. Stopford, were in the pulpit, and shared the solemn services of the funeral.

Mr. Kirk was planted at an early age in the house of the Lord, and through all the remaining years of his life he flourished in the courts of God. Growing up like a palm tree, and spreading abroad like a cedar in Lebanon, he produced the fruits of holiness and mercy in abundance, during his long pilgrimage through this world. He was born in Ireland, an early Methodist, and when a boy received blessings upon his infant head from the hands of Mr. Wesley. He established the first newspaper ever printed in Brooklyn, now a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and for many years was a member of the large and well known book establishment of Kirk & Co. in the city.

Afterwards he was a judge in one of the Courts of King's county, and of late years he has been connected with the U. S. Customs. He was among those who established the first Sabbath School in the city of Brooklyn, and was an active friend to the cause of Christian work. As a leader and steward in the church, he was much loved and beloved for his Scriptural knowledge, holy experience, zeal and wisdom. Few men possessed more general and accurate information; he could repeat from memory almost entire sermons, which he had heard from the lips of John Wesley and others. His taste in poetry was refined and excellent, and he composed well himself. Among the last efforts of his pen, written a few days before his death, were some beautiful lines to a young lady, about to leave home for distant mission fields.

The last illness of this venerable man of God was short, but triumphant towards the end of his course. As the night of death advanced, he had fresh oil in his lamp, and went forth with joy to meet his coming God. The last expressions he uttered were these—"having a desire to depart and to be with Christ. This is holy dying,

and the result of holy living; the same triumph which St. Paul anticipated in several of his epistles, and especially in the last to Timothy when he received the crown of martyrdom: 'I desire to depart and to be with Christ, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things.' &c.

Mr. Kirk died on the night when his class met, and about the usual time of the meeting. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, with the pious little hand visited their dying, faithful leader on the same evening, and before he was called to his reward in heaven, they knelt and prayed together for the last time on earth; and whilst thus engaged he fell asleep in death. How forcibly does this solemn scene remind us of the death-bed of Mr. FLETCHER. Shortly before that eminent servant of Christ died, the curtains of his bed were undrawn, and sitting upright, several of his flock, one by one, passed slowly by the sick-room, pausing as they proceeded, and gazing with supplication and sorrow on their departing pastor, knowing that they should see his face no more. These faithful souls now rest for their labors, but their works do follow them, whilst they wait in peaceful slumbers the resurrection and glory of the righteous.

God bless! How perfectly is it adapted to the comfort and support of suffering, sinful man! This afternoon I attended another funeral, a few miles from the city, but under strikingly different circumstances from that of our aged and beloved father in Israel. It was one of a poor, unmarried, but pious woman, and I never knew a case of such protracted illness as this. She had been confined to the same room and bed for nearly forty years, under complicated diseases. The last of the family—father, mother, the brother and the sister, had all, long ago, been carried from this same humble cottage to the grave. She had outlived them all, and now with her buried that race. When I last visited her abode, she asked me to sing.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
and was waiting, she said, for "her Master's coming," every hour. Her Lord did come, and his daughter of great sorrow and affliction, exclaimed with her joyful tears, "Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God!" A few faithful women at the funeral filled the chamber where their afflicted sister had for so many years suffered, and much fewer men were present in the entry where the corpse lay. I say, blessed Gospel! It has conducted safely our venerable brother in the church of Christ, and this humble daughter of pain and sorrow, to that glorious state of immortality, in which they now both rejoice together, having continued faithful to the end.

Our excellent Book Agent, Mr. Lane, who will be thankful to hear, has in a measure recovered from recent illness, and has been at his post again.

DELTA.

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR MISSIONS REPORT.

CALIFORNIA.—From the Rev. Isaac Owen, P. E. of California District, we have, under date of Aug. 28, the letter which follows:—

Dr. J. P. Durkin, Dear Brother:—I am pleased to inform you, that the preachers, as far as I know, are all well, and are ready to enter upon their new fields of labor. Our annual meeting closed on the 15th ult. The meeting was most harmonious and Christianlike in all its deliberations and actions. What was done at our meeting was understood as preparatory to the Annual Conference, to be held at Salem in Oregon, on the first Wednesday in September next.

Alexander McLean and James Rogers were admitted on trial. They are both young men of promise. The Trustees of the Sacramento and Santa Cruz seminaries proposed to be taken under the patronage of the California District, to be called the California Christian Advocate. Mr. C. Briggs and S. D. Simons were appointed editors, the first number of which will be issued on the first week in October next. W. Taylor was appointed agent of our Book Depository in San Francisco. The meeting also resolved on preserving a history of the church in this country, to accomplish which they appointed S. D. Simons historian. The cause of education of the Bible, of missions, of Sunday Schools, of tracts, &c., were all daily considered by the committee, and reported on the result of which speaks well for the fidelity and usefulness of the preachers, and calls for gratitude to God from the friends of the cause. The school which is now in progress at San Jose, under the supervision of Bro. Rogers, presided at our meeting with dignity and propriety, and left a favorable impression on the minds of all the preachers. His counsels were of great value to us. He put our understanding on the subject of the Gospel, and deeply devoted to it. He spared no pains when duty called. May the Lord spare his life, that he may see a good old age, made up of usefulness, and crowned with success.

Since our annual meeting we have organized Bro. Banister's school at San Jose into what is called the San Jose Academy. This is a very flourishing school, and cannot be given up without injury to our interest here. We are, therefore, under the necessity of asking for another teacher and his wife. He must be a strong man, and a good teacher. The school will cost about \$1,000 per annum. The Board must supply the salary of the teacher, and we must supply for Sacramento City, for Santa Cruz Seminary, and for San Jose Academy. These need only cross the Board transportation. Whatever has or can be done, please inform me at the earliest date.

\* For these is now more and on the way, as we suppose, a supply.—SECRET.

GERMANY. Mr. Wunderlich's Report.—This brother is one of Bro. Jacoby's assistants; he writes in German. Bro. Jost gives the following translation, Sept. 2, 1851:

My Dear Brother in the Lord—Your dear letter I have received last night, and I can say that it has given me much joy. I expected long ago to hear from you, but the dear brethren, and I had almost feared that you had forgotten your humble brother with his Saxony; but I have not. I have too little faith, even when I have no reason for it. If the Lord permits a few temptations to come upon me, then I am inclined to forget what he has done for me, though I always see again that he is on our side. I am now in the midst of some trials, but I stand here alone; I am very feeble, and I am buffeted from all sides, instead of helped. But, praised be a faithful God, when I often think all lost, then my own and others' unbelief is put to shame; he helps me up again, and temptations are such that I am enabled to endure them. Often I commence with great fear and trembling, especially when I have so many learned individuals in the congregation; but the Lord gives me off-sets, such gladness to bear witness to the truth, that I feel I must take and bear all my hearers to the cross, that none may be lost; and the Lord blesses his work. Sinners are awakened and converted. In W— we are now some young people converted; and we have now two regular classes there, one with 25 members, of which my brother is leader, held Sundays after our meeting; and the other with 16 regular members, which I lead myself, on Monday evening. The brethren are now more charitable to each other, and attend regular to the meetings.

In D— have numerous, and thanks be to God, blessed meetings, 2 class leaders, 3 classes, and about 60 members. The class leaders especially gladden my heart, by their proper earnestness and zeal. One of these resides in a large town in the dominion of R—; he has been in the land for 16 regular members, which I lead myself, on Monday evening. The brethren are now more charitable to each other, and attend regular to the meetings. In D— have numerous, and thanks be to God, blessed meetings, 2 class leaders, 3 classes, and about 60 members. The class leaders especially gladden my heart, by their proper earnestness and zeal. One of these resides in a large town in the dominion of R—; he has been in the land for 16 regular members, which I lead myself, on Monday evening. The brethren are now more charitable to each other, and attend regular to the meetings.

Another mind.—The letter which follows is from a brother of Bro. Wunderlich, who was in the army when intelligence reached him of the great awakening resulting from his brother's visit and labors:—

Dear Brother Erhard.—Before I came home from Weimar I was told of you that you were an uneducated man, and that you, therefore, could not know and say much of God, and our Lord. I was warned, therefore,

not to believe you when I should come home, and not to be led astray by you, as otherwise I would be despised by everybody, as was the case with all those who misfortune it is to be blinded by you! But, my dear brother, as I now have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears, and know that this does not come from you, but in the order of the providence of God; for how could you bring about such results? I will visit you and your meetings as much as possible, be converted, and part with the last of the world; and in order thereto, pray day and night to God, as much as my powers will permit. And you, dear brother, must pray and watch for me, that I may obtain eternal life, for which you are also striving daily. O yes, the Saviour has died for me the most bitter death on the cross, to redeem me from my sins, and to save me! Dear brother Erhard, I cannot attend class, for my business is such as will not allow me, as you know yourself, but on Sunday I will visit your meeting early and late. Amen. I remain your faithful brother,

GOTTLEB TISCHENDORF.

P. S. I see most clearly, that if I am not converted, I cannot be saved. God bless you, dear brother, that you may be stronger, and more steadfast from day to day in your work; and may the converts be multiplied a thousand times.

INDIAN CHURCH.—Died of cholera, August 10th, 1851, John Van Meter, of the Wyandott mission. Bro. Van Meter has been an orderly and useful member and class leader in the M. E. Church for a number of years. Being alone when he was first taken ill, and the attack violent, he was not able, when spoken to, to say anything for the satisfaction of his friends; but his consistent and useful life is the best evidence of his peaceful end.

T. B. M.

Died of cholera, August 12th, 1851, Ya-ree-tah, of the Wyandott mission. Sister Ya-ree-tah was a worthy and consistent member of the M. E. Church. When she was assured that she was dying, she appeared to be peacefully resigned and happy, and said she was glad that she was dying; that she wanted to go, and be with her Saviour, and her two little children who had been taken a few days before. An account of their death may be seen in the Sunday School Advocate.

T. B. MARKHAM, Wyandott, Nebraska Terr., August 20, 1851.

REV. T. H. PEARNE writes from Panama, 15th September, 1851:—

I have barely time, before sailing, to inform you that we crossed the Isthmus safely. The mule ride was delightful. No serious accidents occurred, and we had no loss on the part of the route. Mrs. Pearné rode the whole distance without difficulty, much to her own and my surprise, as she had not rode on horseback for some years.

We sail to-day, some of us in the Republic, and some in the California. Expect to reach San Francisco in 18, and Oregon in 23 days.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST QUARTERLY for October has the following list of articles:—

- I. Foot-prints of the Creator, by Prof. D. Martindale, of Centenary College, La.
- II. Relation of Infidelity to Civil Government, by Rev. R. Abbey, of Mississippi.
- III. Review of the first eight chapters of Romans, by Rev. J. Lear, of Virginia.
- IV. Poems, by "Matilda."
- V. Chalmers and Sydney Smith on Methodism, by the editor.
- VI. M. E. Church, South, a review of Dr. Bond's articles in the Methodist Quarterly.

Articles VII, VIII and IX, are brief criticisms, &c. This work has acquired a high reputation. It is calling forth an unexpected amount of critical notice in the Southern church, and is destined, we think, to still more exalted eminence. Rev. John Early, Richmond, Va.

THE RAINBOW IN THE NORTH: An account of missionary labor among the Indians of Rupert's Land, under the auspices of the English Church Missionary Society, written by S. Tucker, an entertaining and instructive volume, republished by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. These missions among the Indians in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, proved very successful, and according to this volume, we are to trace to the labors of these missionaries the origin of our own Oregon mission. Among the Spogan tribe, a converted Indian, Spogan Garry, had carried from Rupert's Land the new doctrine which he had himself received, and had produced interest on the subject among his own people. And it is in the highest degree probable that the Flat Heads, so called, had through them obtained some information of the Gospel, and were induced to seek for its propagation among themselves. There are many deeply interesting descriptions in this work. 18mo, 300 pp.—Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES.—The second number of this popular work is out, and has been read several of its pages with much satisfaction; yet as we have examined several departments, we have been sadly disappointed. We presume an author of such a work has a right to give as much or as little as he pleases, and no one has the right, perhaps, to complain. If we complain at all, it is in good nature. The fact is, that the actual contents only make the reader greedy for more of the same sort. And when we see some departments so meagrely supplied, which might be rendered exceedingly serviceable, we confess to a feeling of disappointment. The general article on Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, for instance, is quite unsatisfactory to persons who wish for information on those subjects. There are several paragraphs of interest perhaps, but of slight comparative importance, which might be better in place somewhere else, and which take up room that might be more usefully occupied. We should like to have seen in this department some credit given to Worcester's Dictionary, a fair rivalry, certainly, of Webster's, and which, on several accounts, the best American scholars greatly prefer to the latter. But as it is, Arvine's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes will be read with interest and profit by multitudes. This number extends from B. to F. Octavo, each number nearly 100 pp., at 25 cents per number.—Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE is the title of a new monthly, very neatly "got up," and illustrated with an engraving of Dea. Grant. It is edited by Gen. Cary. Its contents are various and interesting, and its whole appearance is highly attractive. We welcome it on its important mission. \$2 per annum.—Van Nostrand, New York.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for November is out, with its usual abundance of illustrations and reading matter.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**FOUR FARMS! THE SUBSCRIBER OF**  
 for sale 4 Farms, in Rehoboth, Bristol County, Mass.  
 set 7 miles from Taunton, and 5 miles from Attleboro'  
 and on the road from Taunton to Providence, through  
 tucket.

The Buildings on these Farms are all in good repair.  
 The houses are calculated for two families each, and one

Three of these Farms are connected that the land can be sold to suit purchasers, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each.

Privileges of Meeting, School and Post-office are in the hands of the proprietors, who are nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each.

For more particulars, apply to the proprietors, who are nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each.

GREENVILLE, N.Y.

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### ONE PRICE WAREHOUSE.

By reason of the 16th of March, 1866, the proprietors of the above Warehouse, who are nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each.

For more particulars, apply to the proprietors, who are nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each. See also the other two Farms, nowing 120 acres each.

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**HENRY WATNES & CO., POPULAR**  
WARRANTED SUMMER STOCK, next to Trinity  
and Seattle.  
Splendid Stock of Carpets for the Fall Trade: Bigelow's  
Lionel Pile, Scotch Plaid, Scotch Tartan, Scotch  
Lowland patterns. Tapestry Carpets, in every variety  
of colorings. Large quantities of all grades of  
used in furnishing houses, from twenty-five cents to two  
per yard. The assortment is very large, and the prices are  
low.  
Chairs, Hotels and Steamboats furnished on  
order.  
Painted Floor Cloths, of all kinds and prices.  
We will also furnish you with the most pos-  
sible Carpet Store, and arrange viewing the city as well  
call and examine our stock of goods.

**HENRY WATNES**

**FRANKLIN BONNET ROOMS.** N. H. HOSMER, Brazer, corner of Union and Franklin streets, has on hand and for sale, **SPRING FASHIONS** in **STRAW AND FABRIC** hats, in all the varieties of style, and on hand a large stock of **DRESS** and **TRIMMING** supplies of new patterns ready for monthly orders.

Ribbons, Flowers, Veils and Collars.

Special attention given to the making of **TRIMMING BONNETS**, and of **Dress Hats** of every description and order.

**NANCY WEAVER**  
Boston, April 16.

**CHURCH BELLS!** **CHURCH, FAIRBANKS** and **SEABOARD BELLS** constantly on hand, and *Cimes* of **Bells** (of any number) cast to order. Improvements from **Yokes**, with marvellous arms, are attached to the bells, so that they may be adjusted to the size of the bell, and **Spring** also, which prevent the clapper from rising too high, thereby prolonging the vibration of the bell, complete (including **Yoke**, **Frame** and **Wheel**), furnished in the best manner.

The horns by which the **Bell** is suspended, admit of being adjusted to a new position, thus bringing the clapper in a new place; which is desirable after some time, as the diminishing size of the **Bells** is occasioned by repeated blows of the clapper in one place.

Subsequent experience of the **Yokes** and **Frames** of **Bells**, has the advantage of ascertaining the best position for obtaining the greatest solidity, strength and durability.

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## THE SONG OF IRON.

BY G. W. CUTLER.

AUTHOR OF THE SONG OF STEAM, & PLURIMUS UNUM, &c.  
Our readers will, we have no doubt, well remember a spirited and striking poetic article, which went the rounds of the American and European press a year or two ago, entitled "The Song of Steam," from the pen of G. W. Cutler, Esq., then, we believe, of Cincinnati. Since then the gifted writer of that article has become a resident of Washington, and has favored us, says the National Intelligencer, with the annexed more elaborate but equally spirited ode, on the great and indispensable material and instrument in the business and operations of the world, iron.

Heave the bellows and pile the fire,  
Like the red and fearful glow  
Where the crater's lurid clouds aspire  
O'er the darkened plains below;  
Let the weight of your ponderous hammers smite  
With the power of the mountain stream;  
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might  
That dwells in the arm of steam!

Though I cannot boast the diamond's hue,  
The tempting gleam of gold,  
With which, by the arts of the grasping few,  
The nations are bought and sold;  
Yet is my presence more priceless far  
Than the blaze of a royal gem,  
That ever has kindled a dual star,  
Or flamed in a diadem.

In the fearful depths of the rayless mine  
My giant strength was laid,  
Ere the sun, or the moon, or the stars that shine  
In the boundless heavens were made;  
Ere the darkness was rolled from the deep away;  
Ere the skies were spread abroad;  
Ere the words that called up the light of day  
Were breathed by the lips of God!

Ye were but a poor and powerless race  
Till ye wisely sought my aid;  
Ye dwelt, like the beasts of the savage chase,  
In the gloom of the forest shade;  
Where often the nomad yielded his hearth  
To the wolf, in pale affright;  
And the tooth of the lion smelt the earth  
With the blood of the troglodyte.

How helpless ye saw the descending rain,  
The water's resistless flow,  
The frost that seared the verdant plain,  
And the blinding drift of snow!  
For you no steel his neck would yield—  
No steed your slave would be;  
Ye traced no furrows along the field,  
No pathways o'er the sea!

The myriad stars came forth at even;  
The howl of God was bent,  
Inscribing the wondrous laws of Heaven  
O'er the measureless firmament,  
Bright constellations rose and fled;  
The fair moon waxed and waned;  
But the record which they nightly spread  
Unknown to you remained.

But when some prestient spark of mind  
Invaded my lone retreat,  
And ye learned my Proteus form to bind,  
And fashion with fervent heat,  
The gleaming sword from the flames leaped out—  
And the hook for the golden grain;  
And the air grew vocal with freedom's shout  
When the tyrants of earth were slain!

Then rose the dome and the lofty tower  
Where the groaning forest fell;  
And the massive girds looked frowning o'er  
The walls of the citadel.  
The dizzy and tapering spire sprang,  
And flashed in the summer air;  
And the pendant bell in the turret swung  
To summon the world to prayer!

Stout ships encountered the howling storms  
On the trackless sea secure;  
For I held the fate of their gallant forms,  
And my grasp is strong and sure.  
Midst the lightning's gleam and the tempest's roar,  
They feared not the angry main,  
For they cast their trusty anchors o'er,  
And laughed at the hurricane.

At my touch the massive column soared!  
The graceful arch was thrown!  
And forms of beauty the world adored  
Rose up in deathless stone.  
Ye rivalled the tints of the blushing dawn  
With the hues my work supplied;  
Till the humblest work of art as shown  
Like the mist by rainbows dyed.

I come where the suffering patient lies  
On his couch, alas and weak;  
And the lazzaretto returns to his sunken eyes,  
And the bloom to his pallid cheek.  
Ye fear not the roar of the thunder loud;  
Ye sleep with the storms around;  
For the bolt I clutch in the threatening cloud  
Falls harmless to the ground.

Where I tread, the crooked paths grow straight,  
The old hills disappear;  
And I draw each distant hostile State,  
In friendly commerce near;  
Swift through veins by the lightning hurled,  
Your thoughts like the tempest sweep,  
Till knowledge has covered the rolling world,  
And the waters have covered the deep.

And soon ye shall see my massive ore  
In many a grander pile  
Than ever adorned the Tiber's shore,  
Or the banks of the ancient Nile.  
The sacred temple shall rear its roof,  
The cottage for social glee,  
The flowing fortress, thunder-proof,  
And the ships of every sea.

Then hurra! ye fearless sons of toil!  
Your nation's strength and pride!  
May ye reap a harvest of golden spoil  
O'er the earth and the ocean wide!  
May your ponderous hammer ever smite  
With the power of the mountain stream;  
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might  
That dwells in the arm of steam!

## SKETCHES.

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The following thrilling incident is extracted from a very interesting paper in Bentley's Miscellany, entitled "Hours in Hindostan." The Cobra Capella is said to be one of the most venomous species of serpents in the East, its bite being attended with almost instant death. We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold, money, points and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bumpers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play; this the more surprised us, since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous.

"Play away, Maxey; what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body-guard.

"Hush!" responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us: at the same time turning pale.

"Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had been suddenly taken ill.

"For the love of God, sit quiet," rejoined the other in a tone denoting extreme fear and pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life, move not."

"What can he mean!—has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appealing to myself.

"Don't start!—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I never can forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion, I am a dead man!"

We exchanged looks. He continued—  
"Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella round my leg."  
Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs; but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreadful monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India—namely; breeches and silk stockings. He therefore, the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. This circumstance assumed a livid hue; the snake seemed to leave his mouth without the feature altering its position, so rigid was his look, so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his dreadful bite.

We were in agony little less than his own during the scene.  
"He is coiling round!" muttered Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens!—for the love of Heaven call for some milk!—I dare not speak loud; let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor."

Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room.  
"Don't stir. Northcote you moved your head. By everything sacred, I conjure you not to do so again! It cannot be long ere my fate is decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them—that my last prayers were for them—the snake is winding itself round my calf—I leave them to all I possess—I am almost fancy I feel its breath. Great God! to die in such a manner!"

The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the affrighted servant drew back.  
Again Maxey spoke:—  
"No—it has no effect! On the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncurred his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord! and pardon me—my last hour has come! Again he pauses. I die firm, but this is past endurance—ah no!—he has undone another fold and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else?"

We involuntarily started.  
"For the love of Heaven, stir not!—I am a dead man; but bear with me—he still loosens—he is about to dart! Move not, but beware! Churchill, he falls off that way. O! this agony is too hard to bear! Another pressure and—I am dead! No! he relaxes!"

At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had unwound himself, the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk.

"I am saved!—I am saved!" and Maxey bounded from his chair, and felt senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant, need it be added, we were all dispersed—the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

## LADIES.

For the Herald and Journal.

## COMFORT SPRAGUE.

Mrs. Comfort, wife of Rev. B. F. Sprague, of the East Maine Conference, and daughter of Benjamin and Abigail Cates, was born in Thomdike, Me., April 16, 1817. She professed faith in Christ in the spring of 1838, and soon after was received as a member of the Methodist E. Church. The writer of this notice became acquainted with her while stationed in Belfast, in 1839-'40, where he found her engaged in the laudable employment of a seamstress; and sought and won her heart's best affections, that it were proper to bestow on mortal man; and we were united in marriage at her father's house in Thomdike, July 13, 1840, when she commenced her itinerant life. Her first removal to the circuit where her husband was appointed, was more than one hundred and thirty miles from her father's house, to the wilderness region of Aroostook Co., and that, with the subsequent removals of eight succeeding years, averaged seventy miles per year, making six hundred and thirty miles in the nine years. In this respect her lot was harder than that of almost any other one of the wives of the itinerant ministry; and in patiently submitting to this hardship and toil, and by her natural cheerfulness encouraging her companion in his arduous task, she gave evidence of her attachment to the cause of Christ and the church of his choice.

Her religious character did not develop itself so much in rapturous emotions as in the more quiet and unassuming evidences of love to God and man; by giving attention to the various duties of Christianity. She was a constant attendant at the place of public worship, and also at the place of social devotions, where her health and the circumstances of her family would permit; and it was her constant practice to participate in the exercises of the social meetings. She was deeply interested in the various benevolent enterprises of the day; and especially did she sympathize with the oppressed slave, and sought to use her influence to do away oppression.

As an acquaintance and friend, she won the confidence and esteem of those with whom her lot was cast; as many have testified by the lasting friendship that has resulted from a residence in different places; many of those endorsements becoming as strong as the ties of relationship by blood.

As a daughter, a sister, a companion and mother, she was endeared to those to whom she stood in these relations above what is the ordinary lot of persons to be. At the age of seventeen, on the occurrence of the death of her mother, she, as the oldest daughter in her father's family, was called to assume a responsibility and care in the discharge of which she gained the affections of the family, as one deeply beloved among them. As a companion and mother, she faithfully discharged the duties of her household, and besides caring for the three now youthful daughters—the eldest of which is in her eleventh year, and the youngest in her eighth—she had earned many dollars with her own hands, which, added to the scanty support of her husband, has been judiciously employed for the benefit of the family.

In the anticipation of an event that should make an addition to the family, she had become greatly enfeebled; yet no very serious fears of the result were entertained by herself or companion. On the morning of July 24, she gave birth to two daughters, and in four hours after her delivery, fell asleep in Jesus, as we confidently trust, though no parting words were expressed to surviving friends. One of the babes is left to the care of the afflicted father, while the other sleeps in the same coffin with its dear departed mother.

The writer will only add, Peace to the memory of the quiet dead, while he asks an interest in the prayers of the church that he may in faithful watch over the four motherless daughters, now left wholly on his care, and train them up for usefulness on earth, and a mansion in Heaven; and that he may fulfil his calling as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low;  
Thou no more wilt join our number;  
Thou no more our songs shalt know."

"Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed."

B. F. SPRAGUE.

Washington, Me., Oct. 7.

## PARENTS.

From the Waterville Mail.

## "COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely surrounding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!" and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice  
Which once guided my way,  
When lost on the sea  
Fog enshrouded I lay;  
'Twas the voice of a child,  
As he stood on the shore—  
It sounded out clear,  
O'er the dark billows' roar—  
'Come this way, father!—  
Here safe on the shore  
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,  
Midst rocks and through breakers  
And high dashing spray;  
How sweet to my heart  
Did it sound from the shore,  
As it echoed out clear,  
O'er the dark billows' roar,  
'Come this way, father!—  
Steer straight for me;  
Here safe on the shore  
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy  
When I held to my breast,  
The form of that dear one,  
And soothed it to rest;  
For the tones of my child  
'I called you dear father,  
And knew you would hear  
The voice of your darling  
Far o'er the dark sea,  
While safe on the shore  
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed  
Which then guided my way;  
The form I then pressed  
Is now mingling with clay;  
But the tones of my child  
Still sound in my ear,  
'O, I am calling you, father!  
O, can you not hear  
The voice of your darling  
As you toss on life's sea?  
For on a bright shore  
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice;  
In many a lone hour  
It speaks to my heart,  
With fresh beauty and power,  
And still echoes far out  
O'er life's troubled wave,  
And sounds from loved lips  
That lie in the grave—  
'Come this way, father!—  
O, steer straight for me!  
Here safely in heaven  
I am waiting for thee!"

## YOUTH.

For the Herald and Journal.

## SUSAN P. MARSTON.

"I go, sweet friends! but when you hear  
From that dear home, the Sabbath bell,  
On autumn winds float silvery clear,  
Think on me then—I loved it well!"

"Forget me not—around your hearth,  
When cheerily curls the ruddy blaze;  
For dear hath been its innocent mirth  
To me, sweet friends! in other days."

Miss Susan P. Marston, daughter of George F. and Grace C. Marston, died in Bangor, Sept. 27, aged 19 years.

The dispensations of Providence with regard to this family have been peculiarly afflictive. A few years since, an only son, a most promising youth of nineteen, was taken away by death. Subsequent to this the father's health failed. Nearly two years since, another angel was wanted in heaven, and the oldest daughter, (24 years of age), a young lady of uncommon talent and surpassing loveliness, fell.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep!"

And now, when wounded hearts had scarcely ceased to bleed, and the tear was yet moist upon the mourner's cheek, those hearts are rent again, and the fountains of grief are all opened afresh! The youngest is taken! Just as she came blushing into womanhood, with all the charms of youth and innocence about her, she died!

Who shall tell the care that was taken to restore her to health? Who shall number the prayers and tears of those parents as they watched over that couch of sickness day and night? Who can tell the bitter anguish of that father's faithful heart, or the deep agony of that maternal bosom? God knows it all! He can comfort them. In his hand the poison becomes a balm. He makes the cause the cure of the grief. List! the dying one speaks! "It is the

Lord! Let him do what seemeth him good."

"I hear a blessed voice from heaven:  
'Give to the winds thy fears:  
Hope, and be undimmed!'"

I am glad I sought the Lord while in health.  
Tell all my young friends to do the same. "I am going to rest. How sweet a rest!" "Father, mother, how kind you have been!" "We shall meet again! Sister, we shall meet again—meet our dear brother, our sweet sister." "THY WILL, O GOD, BE DONE!"

What more could she say? What more could be desired? \* \* \* She ceased. Now hush! vain world! Tread lightly, friends. Innocence is passing to her slumbers! \* \* \* The lovely is sleeping! A smile of unearthly sweetness lingers upon her cold features. The weary is at rest!

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit, rest thee now!  
Even while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow."

"Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

"Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone;  
But O! a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven, is now thine own."

Bangor, Me., Oct. 11.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Widow DOROTHY FULSON died of influenza, in Gilmanston, N. H., Sept. 26, aged 88 years. Sister F., experienced religion and was baptized fifty-two years ago, and united with the Free-will Baptists. Soon after the Methodists came into this region, she changed her relation, and for more than twenty-five years her house has been a home for our preachers, and the place of frequent meetings and great spiritual good. Her spirit was such that from her life a holy light was thrown around, and we believe all but one of a large family are converted to God. Let me die as she died, and live with her above. My prayer is, while God is thus speaking to us by death, we may hear, seek a revival and live, now and forever!

JAMES M. HARTWELL.

Gilmanston, N. H., Oct. 1.  
Sister SARAH ANN MEDCALF, daughter of the late Rev. Alfred Medcalfe, departed this life Sept. 12, aged 33 years. Sister M. embraced religion when quite young, and soon became a very active and useful member of the M. E. Church. Her life was a bright example of genuine piety, and her death not only peaceful, but gloriously triumphant.

S. GREEN.

Greenland, N. H., Oct. 5.  
ELIZA L., daughter of Stutley W. and Lydia W. KENYON, died in Allendale, R. I., Sept. 2, aged 19 years. When fourteen years of age, she gave her heart to Christ, and from that period adorned the path of life by a Christian walk, and especially during the progress of the disease (typhoid) which closed her pilgrimage, did the graces of the Spirit shine with such a lustre as to leave the clearest testimony that she "died well."

JAMES DEAN.

Providence, Oct. 10.  
Mrs. JANE FOY died in Wiscasset, Me., Sept. 14. She has long illustrated the power of Divine grace, by suffering patiently the will of her heavenly Father in affliction. Full of hope of a blessed immortality, she fell asleep in Jesus, leaving her bereaved husband and children to mournfully pursue their journey heavenward.

Mr. EBENEZER SAVAGE died in Wiscasset, Me., Sept. 27, aged 44 years. Bro. Savage had been connected with the M. E. Church about twenty years. His even course of life and kindness of heart endeared him to many. In his last hours he was triumphant in hope—indeed hope seemed to open the fruition of joy before the spirit's departure. Ministering angels seemed to gather round to cheer the last struggling moments of physical life. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

D. HIGGINS.

JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA, daughter of Henry C. and Mary Ann WHITTIER, died in Middletown, Marquette Co., Wis., July 14, aged 21 years and 7 months, in full and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Her native place was Brighton, Somerset Co., Me. She was converted to God in December, 1840, under the faithful labors of Rev. Wm. Wyman, of Maine Conference, and joined the M. E. Church. Her life, though short, was one of severe suffering, yet she ever evinced deep and eminent piety amidst all her afflictions. The last three years of her life ripened her Christian graces with great rapidity under this severe discipline. The severity of her suffering made her draw closer and closer to Christ, her Almighty Saviour. The meekness of her whole life was but an exhibition of the graces of the Spirit, and the unfading "beauties of holiness." A diary which she kept a part of the time, exhibits her spirit panting after Christ "as the hart panteth after the water brooks." It abounds with Scripture quotations, from which her reflections spring out in language of praise to God for redeeming grace and dying love. She loved the sanctuary of God, and as long as strength lasted, her place was filled at the public and private meetings. Prayer was her greatest pleasure; her very breath seemed to be full of it, especially while confined to her room. While others were pleading at the throne of grace with her, she would draw fresh supplies from the river of life. As she drew near the port of endless bliss, the prospects grew brighter, until the "wheels of life stood still." The soul was not, for God took it.

L. B. KNIGHT.

Sister MARY ANN HUTCHINS, wife of Bro. Joseph Hutchins, of Calais, and daughter of Mr. Edward Mansfield, of Portland, died in Portland, Sept. 25, aged 28 years. Sister H. experienced religion in Belfast, A. D. 1840, under the labors of Rev. S. W. Partridge. In her death the church has lost a valuable member; her husband, a faithful and an affectionate companion; two children, a beloved mother; and the circle of friends, one highly esteemed. Sister H. had been lingering several months, and did not wholly give up the hope of recovery until about twenty-four hours before her death. When told that all had been done for her that the love of friends could suggest, or the skill of her physician devise, for a moment she seemed to shrink from the dark conflict; but it was only for a moment. Faith triumphed; dear friends were committed to God, and the redeemed spirit plumed its wings for the heavenly flight. Her last hours were spent in exhorting her unconvinced friends to prepare to meet her in heaven, and in praising God for triumphant grace. A short time before death, she was singing, "O, land of rest, for thee I sigh," &c., and remarked, "it is poor singing," but immediately added, "I shall sing better soon." Happy, saved spirit! "The land of rest" is gained, and thou wilt sigh no more!

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